

"100 Girls!

Count 'em!" incites the back  
of an old tin sign, re-  
cycled, as the roller  
coaster ratchets past

its flyblown rust  
and other cancer-

ous funk, to leave  
a festering

humidity below,  
where upturned faces are  
and once were like

the 100 count'em girls, God  
bless us, hotly, everyone.